



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

Silica (rock crystal or quartz),	42.6
Magnesia (an oxide of the metal magnesium)	55.5
Prot. oxide of iron and of chromium,	8.2
Carbonate of Lime,	0.6
Water,	13.0
	100

I then, as requested, exposed the polished surface of a portion of the slab to the action of strong sulphuric acid, and to concentrated muriatic acid, for twenty-four hours, and on washing off the acid not the slightest corrosion or change of color could be discovered in the marble.

I then took one quarter of the slab and threw it directly into a furnace fire, and covered it with ignited anthracite, and let it get red hot. I then withdrew it, and plunged it while red hot into cold water. It did not crack to pieces nor fly in the least, but remained quite solid. No rock except soapstone would stand the above-named tests, both by acids and fire.

This marble is one of the most imperishable rocks known to geologists, and at the quarry its power of resisting the action of air, water and frost from the foundation of the world, is sufficiently manifest to ensure a favorable opinion as to its durability. When polished it is a very beautiful marble, adapted to many ornamental applications.

Respectfully your obedient servant,

CHARLES T. JACKSON, M. D.,

Assayer to the State of Massachusetts, and to the city of Boston, Geologist and Chemist.

DAVID McCABE, AGENT AMERICAN VERD ANTIQUE MARBLE COMPANY.

SIR:—I have submitted the slab of your marble, placed in my hands, to experimental tests of durability, and have the pleasure of reporting to you now the result.

The object of the trials being that of learning how far this material may suffer from exposure to frost, includes an examination of its texture as well as the influence of natural flaws or seams—cracks or fractures, resulting from blows in working excepted.

The safest test of resistance to moisture and frost is that proposed by Berard, and when modified for special application it leaves nothing further to be desired in that way.

Your slab has been exposed to this test, and its power of resistance examined at successive steps, from where bricks fail, to the point at which ordinary granite shows its imperfections. This exposure it has passed without failure, in the chief points of texture, natural flaws and veins of dissimilar composition. A fracture left in the specimen was early seen, and indeed was obvious to the eye on the unpolished surface.

Failing in detecting any liability to absorb moisture, or to permit frost to enter flaws, I repeated the testing while the slab was exposed to a temperature above 212° F. for a long time. The expulsion of air under a fluid would have permitted the tests to enter the most minute flaws if they existed; and, as the application, in all the trials, has been made to the rough or natural surface, a measure of comparison was obtained.

Under this test granite fails. Syenite, porphyry, and some other hard rocks, resist; and your mineral, showing not the slightest effects of the action, must take place with these in point of durability, under the exposure to the heat of summer with its dampness, or to the frosts of winter with the consequent mechanical action.

Although called a marble, it is not strictly such, being truly a variegated serpentine of unequal texture, such as has come down to us in ornamental forms of the highest antiquity.

Congratulating you on the possession of this beautiful and enduring material, I will add that my impression, before commencing the experiments, was adverse to the supposition of the specimen resisting them in a perfect man-

ner, and thereby ranking among the most durable material known. Very respectfully,

A. A. HAYES,

Assayer to the State of Massachusetts.

16 Boylston street, Boston, Feb. 22, 1855.

MANY of the pictures sold at auction-rooms in London find their way back again to Italy. To some, this will sound as "sending coals to Newcastle," but it is nevertheless strictly true, and I understand that it pays well. The speculation is principally carried on by some of the picture dealers of Florence, Rome, and Naples. As an instance that has come to my own knowledge, I will mention having seen here, not long since, a rather large landscape, which Mr. — had in London some two years ago. The picture being at that time out of repair, and much repainted, he consulted a restorer, who pronounced it a fine thing, and said (as they generally do) that if the picture was cleaned up, and those parts which were painted over removed, the probability was that a capital Poussin, or some such Master, might be found under it: the consequence was that the picture was consigned to him to be cleaned, &c. I myself assisted at the *auto-da-fé*, and after the wasting of a pound of cotton-wool, and a couple of pints of turpentine and spirits, the restorations were not only removed, but the whole picture cleaned to the very bones; but, as I anticipated, nothing was found under but the preparation of the canvas, the picture having been patched over again by the same cleaner, and restored in the best way he could. The owner, by this time being quite disgusted with it, paid him ten guineas damages for his trouble, and sentenced the picture to the *slaughter-house* (auction-rooms), where it was knocked down for fifteen or sixteen pounds, about one-fifth of the original cost. To prevent which we don't think it would be out of place here to remind our tourists in Italy of the following advice of Smollett:—"Our young gentlemen who go to Rome will do well to be upon their guard against a set of sharpers (some of them of our country) who deal in pictures and antiques, and very often impose upon the uninformed stranger by selling him trash as the productions of the most celebrated artists. The English are, more than any other foreigners, exposed to this imposition. They are supposed to have more money to throw away, and therefore a greater number of snares are laid for them."

Such is, my friend, the history of this picture, which may yet find its way back again to England. I have only to add that it is "an indubitable Poussin." (I am repeating what the dealer said to my friend.) "It has never been restored, for you can see the original varnish on it yet, and it comes from the Rospigliosi Palace. Price, three hundred *luigi d'oro*" (£250).—*Correspondence of the Artist.*

ONE of the most recent contributions to the Paris exhibition is a sample of smut in wheat, from New South Wales, which has been ascertained to possess an artistic value. It is represented as resembling the well-known animal product called *Sepia*. The exhibitor states that he has tried it in water colors, and found it fully equal, if not superior, to the best *sepia*; the tint produced is a beautiful deep brown. He further states, that while the smut in England can scarcely be detected in the crop, that in Australia is most conspicuous, and can be easily removed.—*The Artist.*

ALEXANDER DUNCKER, in Berlin, has published an exquisite engraving of Mrs. Emma Gaggiotti Richards' portrait of Alexander von Humboldt. The illustrious scholar stamped the original with his entire approval by exclaiming: "thus, and not otherwise, would I like to be handed down to posterity." The engraving is 12 3-4 by 10 1-2 inches, and executed with great care by P. Habelmann.—*Garrigue's Bulletin.*

CRAWFORD AND HIS LAST WORK.

(From the London Art Journal).

A VISIT to Crawford's studio always seems to me like a peep into the grandest phase of American life—a phase where her moral energy and young untamed power are elevated and sublimated by the highest flights of genius. But a few months back it was my pleasing duty to describe in this journal a colossal monument of the noblest conception, dedicated to the memory of Washington about to be erected in the City of Richmond: and now, ere five months more have passed over our heads, this wonderful sculptor, as prolific in his powers as the rich Italian nature in which he lives, is already finishing a second gigantic undertaking. Such wonderful rapidity is too apt, in unskillful hands, to degenerate into feeble mannerism, or to come, as Hamlet says, "tardy off;" but in the present instance rapidity and perfection are united, and all must appreciate the powers of a master-mind capable of creating immortal works—works that will be embalmed in the history of his country, that will form themselves a chief feature in its artistic history—with a propriety and correctness of design commensurate with the brilliant readiness of their execution. Excellence, which is usually only attained by years of weary labor, seems to rise spontaneously and intuitively at Crawford's bidding. He hits off his marble epics as a poet would turn graceful stanza; he calls forth a whole generation of noble and idealized beings, as did Deucalion and Pyrrha of old—gathering and flinging down the stones that lay beside them, and, by their inspired touch, creating a new race. Yes, Crawford is a wonderful man, gifted with a genius vigorous and ardent as his country's hopes; and the consciousness of possessing such an artist—by turns fiery and poetic, domestic and dramatic, ideal and natural, grasping every phase of sentiment and of passion, and rendering all with equal truth and fervor, sweeping through each changing harmony of fancy, and drawing delicious melodies from all—cannot fail powerfully to influence the present artistic aspect of America, that large-souled and loving mother, who cherishes all her various children, arraying herself, so to say, in their individual renown.

In the early development of the destinies of that mighty land, life, and the necessities of life, were the first considerations. Then came war, commerce, and agriculture. All the superabundant energy of the West was turned to the possession of material and palpable greatness. But now that their essential end has been attained, and America flourishes as one of the most powerful nations in the world, she too turns to worship at the shrine of Art. There is a great artistic movement taking place in the great continent. Americans are great travellers: they love the sunny South, they are enlightened and prodigal patrons of Art and artists, and carrying home with them across the broad Atlantic the traditions of the elder sisters of the universe, gathered amid the mighty capitals of the Old World; they also would deck their virgin soil with the finest productions of native genius—an easy task, while they possess artists like Crawford, who can execute a colossal monument sixty feet in height in little more than a year. Many other works on a large scale are in progress by various artists in different parts of the States. An equestrian statue of Washington is preparing for New York, and another large statue of the same hero is to be placed in the garden of the Capitol at Washington. The Capitol itself, one of the finest buildings in America, is about to be considerably enlarged by the addition of two immense wings, each provided with a grand *façade* on either side, the building standing detached in the centre of a park or garden. Doors in bronze, in the style of the Florentine

baptistry—the gates of Paradise as Michael Angelo called them—are to be entered, of which Crawford is to furnish the designs. Doubtless, the Americans will avail themselves largely of his genius in carrying out the whole of these important additions to their House of Representatives. The last work on which he has been engaged is the pediment of one of these new wings, the first erected.

I saw the pediment this day at his studio, the tympanum of which is seventy-two feet in length, and eight feet in height at the apex. In the centre stands a figure of America, heroic size, a grand inspired-looking form of noble features and majestic presence. The head is thrown back as if "commencing with the skies"—she reads there the future glories of her name. She wears the Phrygian cap of liberty: a loose tunic falls about her limbs in easy folds; a star-sown mantle is lightly flung over her shoulders; one hand is outstretched, the other bears two crowns, one of civic, the other of military glory; her feet rest on a rock against which the billows beat; an eagle stands beside her; while the rising sun appears behind, a suggestive emblem of her ever-growing and increasing power, a power which has not yet seen its meridian. Dignified and solemn as is the action of this figure, there is a feminine softness and beauty in the expression and the features very charming. It is the first idealized figure of a country I ever could admire. Usually the artist appears so overcome by the gravity of subject, that the emblem of a soil, becomes as ponderous and heavy as the soil itself, the result generally produced being a kind of colossal horror.

America as an ideal figure is shaped according to classical requirements, but the remainder of the work, consisting of twelve figures, are appropriately represented "in their habit as they lived;" yet is this habit so skillfully adapted to the exigencies of sculpture as to leave nothing to be desired. There is no conventionality in this work, but sufficient attention has been paid to classical details, to render it perfectly statuesque. In this arrangement the artist has shown consummate judgment, for in unskillful hands, nothing certainly can be more odious than the eccentricities of modern costume. The subject of the sculpture,—"The Progress of Civilization in America"—has, however, enabled Crawford to represent various studies of the nude, an opportunity of displaying his artistic skill which he has seized with the eye of a master, placing them in most happy contrast with the draped figures.

To the right of America savage life is represented. First in order stands the upright figure of a backwoodsman, stript to the waist, cleaving the stump of a great tree. The play of limbs and muscles in this powerfully conceived form is natural and life-like. He raises the axe with so sure and ready an aim, there is such a vivid and unmistakable expression in the action of the stalwart Pioneer, who gazes down earnestly on his work the while—that one positively looks to see where the next blow will fall. A snake creeps out from the tree, hissing at the intruder, who drives him from his accustomed hole in the withered old stump. This snake constitutes the link between the backwoodsman and the Indian group beyond, for it is with them that the poisonous reptile is about to take refuge against their common enemy. The Indian group is full of a wild and fervid poetry, the air of the primeval forest and boundless prairie breathes around them. There is an Indian boy, nude, bearing on his shoulders the game he has killed, spitted on a rough stick; beside him reclines a hound on whose head his hand rests. The air and step of this Indian boy are perfectly elastic; one sees him in fancy cleaving the mountain, or penetrating the thickly matted forest, with the swiftness of a young roe; he is a real child of the desert. As he

passes along, treading so lightly as he moves, he turns his head over his shoulder with a look of mingled indignation and curiosity towards the laboring woodsman. What does he know of labor, that free-born prairie child, whose home lies anywhere between the blue heavens above and the green earth beneath?

Resting on a low mound is seated the Indian chief, also a nude figure, excellently modelled. His head crowned with tufted feathers, rests sadly on his hand, the weary chase of life is over, he is dying—the Great Spirit waits to conduct him to the far-off hunting-grounds, that dreamy land where souls repose in boundless prairies. His tribe has disappeared, he is left alone, the solitary off-shoot of a mighty race; like the tree-stump beside him he is old and withered, already the axe of the backwoodsman disturbs his last hours; civilization, and Art, and agriculture—all mysteries to him incomprehensible—have desecrated his home; his hour has come, and the dark shadows of the past gather him into their bosom! On the extremity of the mound is a squaw, nursing her little infant, a sweetly poetized figure, where the Indian characteristics, admirably preserved, are yet toned down and made subservient to feminine beauty. The mother, with prophetic fear, grasps her infant to her bosom, she reclines her cheek on its tiny face as though, in her great love, she would shroud it from the inevitable fate awaiting its race, its name, its very land; a fate sadly imaged forth by a heaped-up grave before her. This melancholy symbol terminates the extreme point of the composition.

On the opposite side of the central figure appears the delineation of civilized life, as contrasted with the characteristic details of an expiring race. First in order stands the soldier, a spirited full-length figure, the very embodiment of martial ardor. With an air of bold determination he draws his sword from the scabbard, and seems as it were to challenge the whole world to meet him then and there in deadly combat. If they will but come he is ready! That figure appeared to me the concentration of American combativeness, young, fresh, and dauntless, unbroken and uncurbed as yet by age or suffering, breathing the essence of untamed valor, and going forth conquering and to conquer. Crawford has attired his young hero in the national uniform of the Revolution; which, as he himself remarked, is the classical costume *par excellence* of America. The obvious difficulties in the treatment of modern dress have been successfully achieved. Contrasting with the warlike action of the soldier is the merchant, who, seated on a bale of goods, turns over the globe, which rests on another bale beside him—a suggestive emblem in these money-making days. His outstretched hand spans with contemplative action the ocean dividing the Old and the New World, indicating, together with an anchor lying on the ground, that navigation and commerce have made them one.

Next to the merchant stand two youths returning from school, linked arm in arm. Crawford, always happy in his children, has been particularly successful in this conception. Those boys are positively beautiful; they actually move along with a freedom and *disinvoltura* which reminds one of what Michael Angelo said to the horse of the Capitol, "*Camina!*" Perhaps the embarrassing details of modern dress have never been more triumphantly surmounted than in those boys, who might be Romans if we did not know they were Americans. Enthusiasm and youthful ardor beam in their up-turned faces as they advance, their drapery flying in the breeze, the taller one pointing onwards with earnest and significant movement. Altogether those boys charmed me; there is a "*go-ahead*" air about them, tempered and chastened to the exigencies of marble, full of characteristic and energetic ex-

pression. A schoolmaster is seated next, teaching a little pupil; a difficult question has been proposed, the child is fairly puzzled, and raises his hand to his head as he stands by his master's side in a perfect maze of bewilderment.

Last in the division comes the mechanic, the emblem of material as contradistinguished to intellectual power. He reclines on a wheel, the great engine of all artificial force. A burning look of fiery energy darts from his eyes, cleaving in rapid gaze the region of geometric thought, as he lies there resting on his wonder-working tools. Like Archimedes that workman would upheave the world itself, if he could poise himself in air. This figure is also full of individuality, and admirably characterizes the fresh young life in the fecund West. Contrasting with the sad symbol of the Indian's grave, a heap of wheat-sheaves fill this extremity of the pediment.

One can fancy the proud delight with which the arrival of this work will be welcomed in America, as something similar to the triumphant feelings of national gratification, with which the early Florentines hailed the uncovering of Michael Angelo's immortal statues in the Medicean chapel of San Lorenzo, or of Brunelleschi's dome in the Cathedral. America is young, and she enjoys the pleasures of her youth. The nineteenth century may, if she knew how to use aright the talents of her native artists, be to her a *cinq-cento* period of brilliant creation, on which future generations may look back with national triumph—a triumph in which the name of Crawford will stand gloriously pre-eminent.

NIELLO PLATES.—The interest in old engravings which the works of Von Henike, Bartsch and Zani, excited all over Europe, was especially lively in England. The taste excited thereby for such productions was pursued with the natural English aptitude for applying to the right sources, and with the national command of genius; and it followed that the greater portion of all that was most scarce and remarkable on the whole continent, in Niello plates and impressions from them, wood-cuts, engravings, and etchings, which the events of the French Revolution made accessible to purchasers—all found their way to England. Hither came the famous St. Christopher, from the monastery of Busheim, near Meiningen, which is supposed to be the oldest wood-cut, inscribed with a date (it bears that of the year 1423), as well as many a Niello plate and Niello impression from Florence and Genoa.

But, I must explain, in a few words, what a Niello plate is. The goldsmiths in the middle ages frequently traced with the graver on metal plates, generally silver, all kinds of designs. Sometimes only arabesques, sometimes figures, and filled up the lines so traced with a black substance, so that the design appeared very distinct contrasted with the silver. From its black color it was called in Latin, *Nigellum*, and in Italian, *Niello*. In this manner church plate, snuff-boxes, watches, sheaths, buttons, and many other small silver articles, were ornamented. These Niello plates are especially important to the history of Art, because, according to Vasari, they gave rise to the invention of engraving on copper (although it is much more probable that this originated in the Netherlands). According to his account, Maso Finiguerra, a skillful goldsmith of Florence, who lived about the middle of the fifth century, was the first who, before he filled up the tracings in the silver plates with Niello, used to apply a black fluid, and, laying a damp paper upon it, pass over it a wooden roller, by which means the paper, imbibing the fluid from the tracings, gave a *fac-simile* of the design upon the plate. Such impressions from Niello plates are very eagerly sought after as the earliest and first specimens of the Art of engraving.—*Dr. Waagen.*